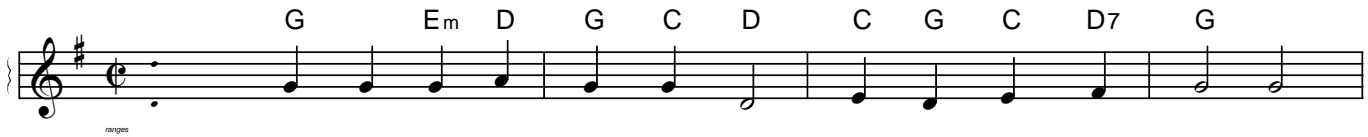


# Good King Wenceslas

words by J. M. Neale

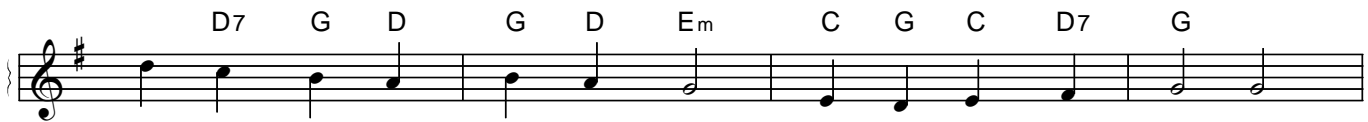
tune: *Tempus Adest Floridum*, 1582



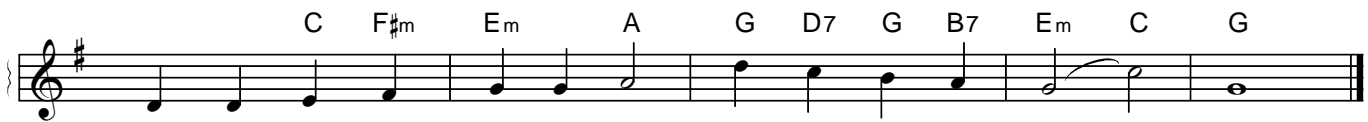
1. Good King Wen - ces - las looked out on the Feast of Ste - phen
2. "Hi - ther, page, and stand by me, if thou know'st it, tell - ing:
3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hi - ther:
4. "Sire, the night is dark - er now, and the wind blows strong - er.
5. In his mas - ter's steps he trod, where the snow lay dint - ed.



when the snow lay round a - bout, deep and crisp and e - ven.  
 yon - der pea - sant, who is he? Where and what his dwel - ling?"  
 thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thi - ther."  
 Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no long - er."  
 Heat was in the ver - y sod which the saint had print - ed.



Bright - ly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cru - el,  
 "Sire, he lives a good league hence, un - der - neath the moun - tain,  
 Page and mon - arch, forth they went, forth they went to - ge - ther  
 "Mark my foot - steps, my good page; tread thou in them bold - ly:  
 There - fore, Chris - tian men, be sure, wealth or rank pos - ses - sing,



when a poor man came in sight, gath - 'ring win - ter fu - - - el.  
 right a - gainst the for - est fence, by Saint Ag - nes' foun - - tain.  
 through the rude wind's wild la - ment and the bit - ter wea - - ther.  
 thou shalt find the win - ter's rage freeze thy blood less cold - - ly.  
 ye who now will bless the poor shall your - selves find bles - - sing.